

POSTAGE: INLAND 3¢P ABROAD 21¢P

SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y.
OFFICE NO. 605017000000. BY AIR MAIL \$21.00
YEARLY. OTHER NEWSPAPERS OF OTHER COUNTRIES, INC.

It cannot be pretended, however, that dignified and moving statements such as appear in Virginia Armstrong's *I Have Spoken* represent more than an aspect of Indian reactions to White incursions. It was always possible to obtain Indian signatures to treaties; from the beginning to the end of the Indian wars their warriors fought on both sides. An alliance with the White man, credible enough when the Indian position lay in maintaining a balance between French and English or British and American, becomes a matter of mercenary gain when Apache scouts provide essential

merely a pricking of the conscience but an exemplar of the good life. Attitudes of this kind may not be born out by statistics or acceptable to the majority, but the role of the Indian in North America is ^{in fact} ~~has been~~ subject to vorilfible ~~distortion~~ ^{distortion}. It has been the fate of the first Americans to live in a fashion which, in the eyes of their successors, has remained perpetually misad. Whether an improved historical reputation will lead to improved material conditions remains to be seen. If it does not, the Indians will have no cause for gratitude towards their White admirers, whose support will again amount to no more than misplaced sympathy.

L STUDIES 22
n Fifth-Century
and Literature
M PARRY
ange of topics in Athenian
ory and provokes a
of outstanding problems
es.
£4.80 net

ish Reformation
ALDSON
classic work. 'Erudition,
larship and a sardonic wit
in Dr Donaldson's pages.'
Scottish Journal of Theology
£5.00 net

and Pessimism
PSHIRE
Stephen lecture, Stuart
ests that utilitarianism is
and even dangerous and
application to large scale
ng. *Practitioner* 50.20 net

150 كتاب

The saddest thought ever

VASILY ROZANOV:
Dostoevsky and the Legend of the Grand Inquisitor
Translated by Spencer E. Roberts.
232pp. Johns Hopkins Press (HBEG).
£4.55.

The *Grand Inquisitor* is the title which Ivan Karamazov gave to his projected poem on the subject of Christ's reincarnation in Seville at the height of the Inquisition. Rozanov's famous study, originally published in 1891, examines the meaning of the *Grand Inquisitor's* disquisition to Christ in the light of the evolution of Dostoevsky's own thought and some of the shibboleths of the nineteenth century. It is a splendid piece of exegesis and a great pioneering exploit in its own field, quite unjustly neglected in the English-speaking world. The present translation does it justice.

Vasily Rozanov has been almost as neglected as this first important work of his (a short monograph by Renato Bugnoli and translations by S. S. Kotelnitsky, apart from some other work by the present translator, Spencer E. Roberts, are the principal items available in English). Rozanov achieved some notoriety and a great deal of unpopularity from his marriage to Apollinariia Suslova, at one time Dostoevsky's mistress, whom he married in order to get to know Dostoevsky better—hardly a sound reason for marriage. Suslova refused him a divorce and he took a mistress of his own.

It is hardly surprising that he should gradually have become notorious for his views on sex and religion. Professor Roberts gives a digest of Rozanov's views in an admirable afterword. Sex, Rozanov

claimed, is holy, the soul and sex being one, so that during intercourse man actually enters into direct contact with God, and by this means souls are brought from a higher world into this one. A rather charming idea, this, but as unscientific as the resultant philosophy was unscientific. Rozanov rejected Christianity because Christ never laughed, never sang, never danced, never married: "A merry Christian," he declared, "is the same *contradictio in adjecto* as a circular square."

Rozanov sought solace in admiration for religions that glorified life and things of the flesh; he denied the Christian concept of resurrection and life everlasting. But he was unsure of his unbelief and ended on his deathbed in 1919 by proclaiming the risen Christ. His ideas had wide and catholic appeal, not least to D. H. Lawrence. Professor Roberts' summaries of his weaknesses and strengths:

Shifty, insincere, servile, inconsistent, contradictory, prejudiced, blasphemous—all these pejoratives and more describe Rozanov. Certainly few Russian writers can so antagonize. Yet, even while disagreeing with him, scholars read him with delight, marveling at his inventiveness, at his brilliant verbal gift, at his clever dialectic, at his comfort in revealing the sordid details of his narcissistic soul.

His study of *The Grand Inquisitor* was written before he propounded his philosophy of sex and there is nothing even faintly titillating about it. There is intimacy of another kind—a sense of deep communion with the ideas of the *Inquisitor's* creator. Rozanov articulated, if only vaguely, that mystic link with another's spiritual reality which may derive from close study of some great creator's

life and work. He felt that at the centre of Dostoevsky's achievement, just as it was the heart of his last and greatest novel, stood the *Legend* and he set out to show how all the turmoil and agony of Dostoevsky's life rise to the perverse grandeur of the *Grand Inquisitor's* rebuttal of Christian doctrine.

No argument against the existence of an all-powerful Creator is more powerful than the one which Dostoevsky gave Ivan Karamazov in the famous chapter "Revol't" (*Rebellion*). The examples of torture inflicted on the "innocents", the children, can be repeated and multiplied in each succeeding generation. We are no less cruel than were the Turks who dangled babies before their mothers and then blew their brains out. Television newsreels from Vietnam show us nightly how the innocents are slaughtered. Dostoevsky's eye for suffering probably never captured a truer instance than the one he recorded on his visit to London in 1862:

In the Haymarket, I noticed mothers who bring their very young daughters to walk the streets. Little girls of about twelve grasp you by the arm and ask you to go with them. I remember, one time I saw a girl of about six, no older, all in rags, dirty, barefoot, drunk and beaten up; her body, visible through her rags, was covered with bruises. She walked along as if unaware of what she was doing, hurrying nowhere. God only knows why she was staggering about in the crowd; maybe she was hungry. No one paid any attention to her. But what struck me most was the fact that she walked along with a look of such sorrow, of such hopeless despair on her face, that to see this little creature, also hearing in herself so much execution and despair was somehow unnatural and terribly painful. She kept shaking her

tortured head from side to side, as if she were discussing something; she would spread her little hands apart, gesticulate with them, and then suddenly clasp them together and press them to her bare little breast. I went back and gave her silence. She took the silver coin, then shyly, with timid amazement, looked me in the eyes and suddenly took to her heels, as if afraid I would take the money from her.

To Rozanov this was evidence enough that something monstrous was taking place in history: "Human beings . . . are being sacrificed, no longer individually, but in whole masses, in whole nations, in the name of some general and distant goal that has not yet revealed itself in a single living person and about which we can only guess." What, in his view, offended Dostoevsky, as it offended him, was the perversion done to the "prelusio and inviolable" image of God which is each individual's mystical highright.

As we know from the *Grand Inquisitor's* argument, this perversion grew from the temptations offered to Christ in the wilderness. Had Christ been willing to accept the world and Caesar's sword, he would have everlastingly possessed the human conscience and founded his kingdom on earthly bread. He did not; but man is weak and needs the thralldom of a conscience subordinated in the name of the mystery, miracle and authority; and so the universal church has usurped to itself the freedom promised by Christ and mankind has gladly submitted to this perversion of the truth. Rozanov explains this—as he calls it—"saddest thought ever to pass through human consciousness" by saying:

Thus, the counsels of the "wise" powerful spirit, who tempted Jesus in the wilderness, contain the same universal history and the same deepest aspirations of human nature. Those counsels were criminal, but it is because man's very nature is also perverted. And there is no end except through crime to human aspirations; there is no other possibility of satisfying, protecting and accepting this very perversion of nature—by gathering together the scattered flock by means of a power, idea, the falsity of which would be the falsity of their nature.

There was a good deal of poetry about Rozanov's interpretation of Dostoevsky. He concentrated the *Legend* because it no doubt suited his own nihilistic, iconoclastic temperament and accorded with his atheistic, iconoclastic mood of intellectual Russia at the turn of the century. He deliberately disregarded Dostoevsky's own attempts—unably less impressive, but not trivial to offer a counter-argument through the example of Zuzima. He went to conclude his study with grandiose generalizations about "harmonizing" characteristics of the Russian people by comparing the Latin and Teutonic races to seeds of his later Jew-baiting as discerned in this bombast.

But we have to take the bombast along with the eloquent sense, outrage, the perverse overstatement, along with the impassioned argument. All may be forgiven Rozanov and the murkier corners of his thought forgotten, when one's heart is concerned for man's loneliness without God as it is exhibited here in his interpretation of the *Legend of the Grand Inquisitor*.

YVES BONNEFOY:
L'Arrière-pensée
164pp. Geneva: Skira, 34 Sw fr.
ANDRÉ DU BOUCHET:
Qu'il n'est pas tourné vers nous
175pp. Paris: Mercure de France, 32fr.

One of the deepest incitements to poetry since the Romantics has been a search for Eden. Yves Bonnefoy's *L'Arrière-pensée* is another account of such a search, and an important one. He rediscovers the paradox of Poe, that it is precisely the scintillating utterance of natural beauty which dissatisfies, by urging to something beyond itself. He looks, however, for the lost place of benediction, the *ent lieu*, not in the *néant* or an imaginary elsewhere but in a world "of flesh and of time" like ours, not to the forest but in the real transformed by human vision. The hawk both celebrates the earth as it is and desires his "resurrection".

In form, it is a kind of essential autobiography, organized around the single quest for the *arrière-pensée*, and reports M Bonnefoy's travels, mainly as an art critic, to various places and paintings. He responds to the latter, with continually stimulating penetration, as attempts to fulfill our need for images, for seeing the earth remade. It also relates crucial experiences that have fed his writing, though he refers them, curiously, less to his poetry than to certain unfinished stories. He reveals himself, indeed, a compelling storyteller, delicate, symbolic, erudite, no doubt under the conscious influence of Nerka; even though it is part of the discipline of which the book is the narrative to reject this "longue" type of composition.

L'Arrière-pensée is a spacious work, despite its relative shortness, and is written with M Bonnefoy's usual impassioned seriousness, in a grave and poetically vibrant language.

gongue whose syntax, at times, is pointedly classical. It is full of ideas (for instance, on the metaphysical nature of Edm. de la Roche's wisdom, and of pregnant phrasing).

A comparison with Philippe Jaccottet's very similar *Paysages avec figures abstraites* (reviewed here on December 25, 1970) shows its possible limitations. There is less really probing contact with individual sites and canvases: M Bonnefoy's imagination, which is anything but abstract, works nevertheless not so much through a response to detailed particulars as through the establishing of general, though still passionate, mental structures, in a way that one associates with French classicism. One may, of course, prefer his method; here it makes his pursuit

of a relationship with nature an intellectual hygiene rather more than a hygiene of the whole man. One also becomes aware in M Jaccottet of a dimension that is absent from *L'Arrière-pensée*, the dimension of human pain and evil, which is arguably vital to a study of natural beauty as lacking its plenitude, and of ourselves as exiles. None of which is to deny, however, that this is a severe and admirable work, which anyone concerned for poetry and painting ought to know.

Qu'il n'est pas tourné vers nous by André du Bouchet, a colleague of Yves Bonnefoy on the review *L'Éphémère*, is more centrally occupied with the languages of literature and of graphic art. Moving through and beyond a scrutinizing of the

drawings of Giacometti (which partly develops ideas contained in Jean Genet's *L'Amateur d'Alberto Giacometti*), it explores the artist's and the writer's white sheet of paper: a barrier and yet an opening, an image of Nothing but also of Light, a depthless object which nevertheless includes everything, even the artist or writer's subjectivity. Giacometti is seen as using blank spaces to encroach on an object, to "interrupt" it, to prevent it from becoming conclusive and so rejecting the rest of matter into a void. He looks beyond objects to "the invisible object", to "another light" not unlike M Bonnefoy's "real place".

M du Bouchet's absorption in this technique is natural to a poet influenced by Mallarmé, who suggested the primordial role of the page as a whiteness to be enhanced by words, and who conceived *Un coup de dés* as a kind of graphic. M du Bouchet's writing is a reproduction of Giacometti's graphics. It is repetitive, obsessive, its syntax, even that of the title, is inconclusive and interrupted, an infinite series of intricate approximations. Above all, it creates white spaces on the page as integral elements of its meaning. The result is a form of abstract poetry, or spatial poetry: the unremarking intellectuality of a Latin vocabulary serves a language which describes the human condition by plying man in space, in a manner resembling that of the *École du regard*.

The book's obscurity does not prevent it from engaging with basic human drama, and fundamentally with life and death—any more than does the abstractness of abstract art, or the conveying of the tense theology of Pascal through an investigation of space and number. One may feel, however, that it lacks urgency, since, while imitating so many features of Giacometti's works, M du Bouchet has found no linguistic equivalent for their glowing presence.

On Not Being Milton

(Joc Sergio Vieira and Arnaldo Guebara)

Read and enmitten to the flames, I call these sixteen lines that go back to my roots
My Cahier d'ami reviens au pays natal,
my growing black enough to fit my boots.

The stutter of the scold out of the branks of condescension, class and counter-class thickens with glottals to a lumpy mass of Ludding morphemes closing up their ranks. Each swing east-iron Enoch of Leeds stress clangs a forged miss on the frames of Art, the looms of owned language smashed apart!

Three cheers for mute ingloriousness!

Articulation is the tongue-tied's fighting. In the silence round all poetry we quote Tidd the Cato Street conspirator who wrote:

Sir, I Hunt a very Bad Hand at Righting.

TONY HARRISON

Italian ironies

NELO RISI:
Di certe cose
11pp. L1,600.
BARTOLO CATTAFI:
L'Arte seen del fuoco
21pp. L3,000.
GIOVANNI GIUDICI:
O Beatrice
11pp. L2,300.
MILAN MANDORI:
Roberto Sanesi
L'improvvisazione di Milano
147pp. Pajma: Chianda, L2,000.

Nelo Risi defines the ethos of his new book in terms of "a practical passion which by means of pondered sarcasm and stylistic research aims at communicating with man". This and the full title—*Di certe cose che dite in versi e in prosa*—define the aims and qualities of this collection of his disarming ingenious notion of the distinction between prose and poetry: Signor Risi uses, or rather over-uses, a vein of moralistic irony, and, at the same time, exploits indifferently different kinds of prose: scientific, technical, commercial and journalistic. Moreover, he not only uses Wordsworth's very language of man, but reproduces their colloquial mannerisms, the *che* and *che*, as well as plainness and repetitions.

It is, however, only in a few shorter poems like "Che altro ci appelliamo", "Ando Domini", "Quando il pensiero era ancora", or "Dai celi sempreverdi" that Signor Risi achieves the desired effect of novelty and modernity. In these poems wit and sarcasm are not so much resorted to for their own sake as dictated by a moral and poetic intensity, and this leads to an effort

less pithiness and colloquialisms that are both supple and evocative. Bartolo Cattafi confines his range of contemplation to his native Sicily—its past and present, its landscape and people—in the context of technological civilization. At times though, Sicily serves as a microcosm of the whole world. Signor Cattafi's celebration of the island is at once less subjective and less nostalgic than Quasimodo's; and at the same time more realistic and more historical. He participates in what he observes and at the same time describes it with a certain degree of detachment, which enables him to mingle irony with compassion.

Signor Cattafi is deeply aware of being Sicilian yet ironic and resentful of any psychological or ethnic distinction suggested between Sicily and, say, Northern Italy, as the war poem "Vul Siellanti a noi italiani" brings out. This preoccupation also has at the back of other poems, and it determines his satirical attitude towards the English, the Americans, and even the Italians. There is something of Malaparte in the way Signor Cattafi depicts the sense of degradation and helplessness, both moral and political, and the countless privations and humiliations which the war inflicted. All this is poignantly evoked, together with the sense of Sicily's cultural heritage and ethnic complexity.

In spite of its title, Giovanni Giudici's *O Beatrice* contains, apart from a handful of poems, very little that is romantic or idealistic. This is his third collection and with each new one his poetry turns further away from the "sublime" and lyrical to *O Beatrice* he is more self-consciously prosaic and ironic than ever. But if Risi and Cattafi are sceptical about what they observe around them Signor Giudici roazes at the expense of his own life and experience. But there is something

over-facile about his poems here: it is not that there is no depth of sentiment behind them, but they are so toned down in deference to the poet's overlying concern to impress us with his linguistic modesty and intellectual subtlety that they seem in the end to be so more than a clever game.

Roberto Sanesi's title indicates both the quality and contents of his book. Everything seems to be improvised: the thread of thought and observation is allowed to run unbroken, the form is diffuse, and there is a plethora of sociological data and references. In short, there is very little of that selectiveness and exactitude that one expects from poetry, however "anti-lyrical". Yet, that said, there is in some of Signor Sanesi's poems—or at least in parts of them—a greater degree of lyric poise, concentration and accomplishment than in any of the other poets reviewed here, with the exception of Signor Cattafi at his best. At these moments, his language acquires the economy, symbolic undertone and essentially of purpose that one associates with, say, Eliot, whom Signor Sanesi translated into Italian. Here and there, there are direct echoes from Eliot in such lines as "quest'ora senza inizio, e senza fine", or "l'ambiguità del reale si nella sua certezza".

Chilean whimsies

PARLO NERUDA:
Extravaganza
Translated by Alastair Reid.
302pp. Cnpo. £3.50 (paperback, £1.75).

Chileans often claim to be "the English of South America", and though such statements are always misleading there is at least one sense in which the parallel is true. Chilean humour is remarkably like our own, especially in that when we look in regard to peculiar to ourselves, whimsy and nonsense verse. This is the side of Pablo Neruda's poetry which is most likely to capture an English audience, and his whimsy is nowhere more continuously on or near the surface than in *Extravaganza* (1958), now translated as *Extravaganza* by Alastair Reid.

Mr Reid has tackled Neruda before, both on his own and as one of the four translators of the *Collected Poems*, and is the only one of his numerous translators into

CLARENCE

Michael Harrison
A remarkable study of the life of the Duke of Clarence which explodes the "Jack the Ripper" myth.
£3.50

THE NAME ABOVE THE TITLE

Frank Capra
Here is a first-hand biography of Hollywood. "The only definitive record I've ever read."
John Ford
£4.50

COINS FOR INVESTMENT

Joseph Edmundson, MC, FRNS
For amateur numismatists who wish to turn their hobby into a nest-egg. This is a must.
Illustrated
£2.25

THE SURROGATE WIFE

Valerie X. Scott
as told to H. d'H. Lee
A Masters and Johnson sexual therapist talks frankly about nine cases she treated.
£2.50

THE CAMERON STORY

Morton Cooper
A great big action-packed novel of today by the author of the famous best-seller THE KING.
£2.25

THE FREEDOM FIGHTERS

Jean Lartéguy
The conflicts of our time and the panorama of violence provide the theme for this gifted writer's new novel.
£2.50

COMPARTMENTS

David Fisher
A psychological novel of immense power from the author of CRISIS.
£1.95

THE WIDOW

Jessamy Morrison
Chilling suspense, and a poignant love story, and the ingredients of this fine novel.
£1.95

W.H. ALLEN

A Division of Howard & Wyndham Ltd.

Standard Russian and deviant Russian

MARCUS WHEELER:
Soviet Prison Camp Speech: A Survivor's Glossary
216pp. University of Wisconsin Press (American University Publishers Group). £4.75.
MARCUS WHEELER:
The Oxford Russian-English Dictionary
918pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £5.

Soviet Prison Camp Speech may call itself a glossary, but it is far from being a simple word-list. It contains an account of Russian argot in general and of prison-camp speech in particular, together with a discussion of the possible sources of and reasons for their special vocabulary. It also has a useful survey of other works in Russian argot, and since each entry gives at least one sentence showing

how a particular word or phrase is used, the *Glossary* is an excellent guide to the syntax of spoken Russian.

The various words listed are not only given in English translation but are also explained in some detail, so that the *Glossary* emerges as a fascinating description of life in Soviet prison camps. The authenticity of the descriptions cannot be doubted, since the survivor of the title is also one of the authors, Meyer Galler, who spent ten years in the camps. In addition to the standard "four-letter" words, which of course are not peculiar to prison-camp speech but may not be found in any standard Russian dictionary, this *Glossary* also lists a great many extremely colourful expressions which leave one amazed at their vigour.

The *Glossary* is not only for students of the Russian language who happen to be interested in this particular area of vocabulary but is

valuable too for anyone who wants to read in Russian the growing number of novels which are either concerned with prison camps or in which the dialogue contains many expressions taken from their speech.

The new *Oxford Russian-English Dictionary* is, naturally, less flamboyant but it is a most impressive piece of scholarship. There are good reasons why it may be expected to replace Smirnitki as the standard reference-book for students whose native tongue is English. To start with, the *Oxford* is far superior to any Russian work in respect of binding, quality of paper, legibility and general appearance, and it contains 70,000 entries, 20,000 more than Smirnitki.

Then, although both the *Oxford* and Smirnitki contain many colloquial terms, as well as the more common scientific and mathematical terms, the *Oxford*, having been compiled by native speakers of English,

often has much better and more up-to-date translations, especially of idioms. For example, whereas Smirnitki translates *srezat'sya* as "fail", he picked, "khala as "detraction", and *isyo pashlo kuyrykum* as "everything went topsyturvy".

The *Oxford* is also more informative in explaining Russian terms which have no exact English equivalent. For instance, *pokazat kishki* is translated by Smirnitki as "give the fig", which is hardly enlightening, whereas the *Oxford* explains: "just how the obscene gesture is made and in what circumstances it is used. It scores again over Smirnitki by giving information about irregular plural noun forms and changes of stress in verb forms, adjective short forms and noun forms, and at the back there is a most useful list of

official and other common abbreviations.

It is inevitable that in a work of this scope not all the entries will meet with everybody's approval: one or two complaints might be offered. In a dictionary which is out to include as much colloquial vocabulary as possible, for instance, it is surprising not to find *baseball* ("baseball boots"). Although the word is not in Smirnitki, it does occur in Ozhegov, denoting a kind of footwear which is extremely common, not just for the playing of basketball but as light summer shoes. Room might also have been found for *kalyoi*, a children's game, ment rather like a pair of *trousers* with socks attached. *Mozhno* translated only as "a great quantity; multitude", is a common mathematical term which turns up frequently in non-mathematical texts, particularly in linguistics, surely "set" should also have been given.

A major new series

Art in Context

Edited by John Fleming and Hugh Honour
'Almost all books on art are either too shallow and slight, or too heavily overweighted with conspicuous scholarship and footnotes. This series, by devoting a whole volume to a single significant picture, has enabled the authors to study each work thoroughly, in the context of its time, and yet to produce readable books that will appeal to the ordinary amateur. The plans intelligently devised, the authors and works have been selected with insight, and such texts as I have read are most illuminating.'
Lord Clark

The first four titles:

Van Dyck: *Charles I on Horseback*
Roy Strong

John Gaga

Piero della Francesca: *The Flagellation*
Marilyn Aronberg Lavin

Monet: *Le Déjeuner sur l'herbe*
Joel Isaacson

Each book contains between 42 and 60 black-and-white illustrations and a full-colour pull-out.
Each costs £1.95.

Allen Lane The Penguin Press

Preferring war to women

C. R. HALLPIKE:
The Konso of Ethiopia
A Study of the Values of a Cushitic People.
342pp plus 16 plates. Clarendon Press, Oxford University Press. £5.

Ethiopia is an anthropologist's paradise. More than seventy languages are spoken in this oldest and largest of traditional African states and there is an equal provision of cultures and tribes. In Europe the long and distinguished tradition of Ethiopian Studies has naturally concentrated on the Jewish, Christian and Islamic aspects of Ethiopian languages and history, which are of abiding interest to biblical and oriental scholars. This major focus of research has generated a substantial tradition of interest in the ethnography of many of the non-Semitic speaking peoples which, particularly on the Conquint, continues to this day. These circumstances provide an unusual wealth of historical information and a wide range of comparative ethnographic data (even if it is sometimes disappointingly superficial by contemporary standards) and constitute both an opportunity and a challenge for the social anthropologist.

It is thus regrettable in the extreme that so few significant works in English by modern social anthropologists should have appeared. Ethiopia's unique record as the only African state to survive the epochal scramble for Africa not only intact but actually strengthened will doubtless prompt the guidelines to see in this further confirmation of the connection between social anthropology and European imperialism of which so much has recently been made—especially by Americans. The facts, however, do not entirely support such an interpretation. A surprising number of social anthropologists (both European and American) have actually carried out substantial field studies in Ethiopia. The sad thing is that so few have so far published their findings, and that of those who have, such a small proportion of the resulting monographs are of really high quality. With a few notable exceptions the peoples of Ethiopia have still to attract the social anthropologists they deserve.

In these circumstances, one turns hopefully to C. R. Hallpike's book on the Konso despite (rather than because of) the publisher's daunting

claim that this is the "first in British social anthropology to use a computer to simulate (sic) ... a social institution". The Konso are a Cushitic-speaking people numbering some 510,000 living as mixed farmers in the Konso hills of south-western Ethiopia to the south of Lake Shamo and neighbouring the related Suri and Galla peoples. In this remote corner of southern Ethiopia, set in a pleasing landscape of well-watered hills which he describes often lyrically (and illustrates with excellent photographs), Dr Hallpike spent almost two years recording Konso institutions and beliefs and meditating on their significance.

In the best (but not necessarily most desirable) anthropological tradition, Dr Hallpike was forced to learn the language from scratch as he had similarly to learn Konso culture, and his account naturally emphasizes what seemed to him the most striking features of their world. Unlike most of the other Cushitic-speaking peoples, the Konso live traditionally in clearly-defined "towns" with an average population of 1,500 inhabitants. These, as Dr Hallpike graphically records, "make an overwhelming impression of antiquity and mystery upon the stranger; their murt walls, crude and massive, seem to have been forced out of the soil on which they stand ... as one passes through their gates one is at once conscious of a genius for corporate life, for these towns are undoubtedly works of art".

Each town is divided into dual divisions and these into subsidiary units. These residential groupings are led by corresponding councils and cut across by ties of kinship, lineage identity, and membership of the same generation group and of continuing ritual congregations. In their external relations, towns coalesce in shifting patterns of alliance and are ultimately loosely associated as the three ritual divisions of the Konso nation. These ritual divisions are led by regional priests who, appropriately, symbolize life and peace and may shed blood only in sacrifice. Two of the regions also possess sacred drums which have similar connotations and circulate amongst subsidiary local priests. Each ritual province has its own "generation-set" organization, this being the Konso version of the celebrated Galla "Gada-system" according to which all the men of a region belong to the same set as their fathers and proceed on this basis

through the various stages of life from warriorhood to elderhood. This clearly contributes to the identity of each of the three regions while, at a higher level, the fact that the Konso as a whole are divided into nine dispersed exogamous clans helps to maintain the identity of the wider ethnic group.

Despite this very elaborate apparatus of cross-cutting interests, Dr Hallpike insists that the relations between towns remain "unaffected and formless" and stresses the persistent enmities which exist between towns and groups of towns. These, moreover, are not readily commingled since the Konso are thoroughly up to date in their "anti-commercial" rejection of the idea that blood-money might be employed in compensation for deaths on the pattern followed by many of their Muslim neighbours. The primary focus of the book is in fact on this and other Konso "values" and particularly on what Dr Hallpike engagingly calls their "obsession with phallicism and peace".

To take the former first: in common with many of the neighbouring Cushitic peoples, the emphasis on male sexuality as a manifestation of power (which some Freudians might doubtless label "false sexuality") is patently obvious and conspicuously displayed in the east zine phallic head-pieces, mimicked on white conus shells, which priests wear strapped to their foreheads on ritual occasions. Similarly phallic clay roof-pots decorate the houses of priests and elders and also adorn the men's "bachelor" cloth-houses where husbands as well as unmarried men frequently seek refuge at night from the ravaging sexuality of their womenfolk.

This raises one of the main themes which the book explores: the treatment by Konso men of their women as sexual objects and the corresponding war between the sexes. For the Konso, Dr Hallpike explains,

"The phallus is the focus of life esteem for manhood, and it appears in symbolic form throughout their culture. Women are seen as the weakeners of men, whose vitality is drained by sexual intercourse. Women are also regarded as socially unstable, leaving their lineages and cast towns as marriage to form unions with outsiders ... they are regarded in consequence as in some ways anti-social."

The slogan "Mute love, not war" is thus virtuously stood on its head by the Konso.

But, paradoxically, as in other

strife-torn circumstances, that scarce good peace is highly prized. And for the Konso, as for so many other peoples, social harmony is assumed to evoke a correspondingly benevolent response from the natural environment. When all is well with man, God, who controls nature, generously sees to it that nature follows suit (and vice versa). Mute priests, who in this context are opposed to women (who do not bless) and to the earth, mediate between man and God. Ultimately, Dr Hallpike argues, Konso custom rests upon the triad: God, the Wild (or Wilderness), and the Earth. The first is the creator of order; the second lies outside the control of society and is the source of both life and death; the third provides fertility and food but requires man's intervention if it is to yield its fruits. These three "dimensions", it is claimed, all exhibit qualities of externality or "outsideness". This encourages Dr Hallpike to make a valiant, if not entirely convincing, attempt to establish consistent concordances between this triad and the key values: masculinity, femininity, priestliness and peace. The hidden (if unacknowledged) hand of Lévi-Strauss appears at this point to assume command of all the givings and takings of cosmological elements and puzzles. But, alas, not all those who ply the *bricoleur's* craft share the master's deft touch.

If in this respect Dr Hallpike disappoints, his aim is nevertheless commendable. He seeks once again to demonstrate that values, symbols and rituals have a life of their own independently of the social circumstances to which they inevitably relate. They are not simply, or only, pale reflections cast on the transcendental plane by the more substantial life of flesh and blood below. Unfortunately, however, Dr Hallpike's well-intentioned forays into the battlefields of anthropological theory are not very successful.

There is little novelty in his confused assaults on Radcliffe-Brown's structural functionalism, of which in many places his own analysis is indeed a curious (and presumably unintended) parody. Moreover, he frequently replaces the determinism he attacks with an even cruder and more naive determinism of his own (or of others). Thus, to take a few examples at random, we are told that the negative view Konso men hold of their women is "determined by the latter's social mobility (in the interpretation echoing Radcliffe-

Brown via Max Gluckman), marriages between hostile towns rare, we learn, "for obvious reasons", Dr Hallpike being apparently unfamiliar with the widespread "marry our enemies" syndrome. Similarly, the fear which attacks spirit possession "derives from uncontrollable behaviour of (possessed) victim", just as we learn, is "probably the most evil spirit" (in determining interpretation with a very long greek). In the same vein, to apparent astonishment of their nographer, the Konso actually do to be objectively real what we dismiss as hallucinations.

Without wishing to continue the tedious catalogue of shortcomings, the other principal criticism needs to be registered is that Dr Hallpike's scholarship is not at all what it seems. He is not a comparative theorist, nor is he a systems of the Kongo type. There is in fact a considerable literature on generation-grading systems and all of it is in German, Italian, or French. It is also a pity to say the least to claim the Kongo as "values" in an ethnographic area where the only anthropological monograph in English is the equally dominant *Anthropologie* (O. LeVine, *Wax and Gold*) is devoted to this topic (whatever its other intentions).

On a wider front, kinship will be amused by the assertion that primogeniture has "received attention in studies of kinship" (exponents of the transactional games theory approach to the study of society will be surprised to discover that Dr Hallpike evidently considers that he is also a transactional theorist). Still, with all its faults, this book serves two important functions. It helps to fill a gap in the literature on the Cushitic peoples of Ethiopia, and brings to the attention of social anthropologists some of the most interesting features of Kongo plan societies and cultures. Men's houses, "big-men", monel exchange, dual organization and feasts of merit, all begin to look more and more like New Guinea to the social anthropologist. Indeed, one can only hope that the book will be before long an anthropologist who specializes in Melanesian studies discover special (if negative) symbolic value to plug in the Ethiopian highlands.

JOHN WALLIS:
Grammar of the English Language
Translated and edited by J. A. Kemp
30pp. £5.50.

VIVIAN SALMON:
The Works of Francis Lodwick
30pp. £4.25.
Longman.

John Wallis was far better known in his day as a mathematician than as a grammarian. He held the Savilian chair of geometry at Oxford for well over half a century (1649-1703) and when Isaac Newton looked to him for help and encouragement when wrestling with the binomial theorem and the infinitesimal calculus. During the Civil War Wallis won renown as a code-breaker, an adept at deciphering such cryptic messages from the hands of Parliamentarians.

His *Grammatica Linguae Anglicanae*, which first appeared in 1653, was intended for both natives (foreigners and foreigners alike) and was a soon came to be used far and wide in Western Europe. It went through five editions in its author's lifetime, the last being published in 1709, just four years before his death. A sixth edition was printed in 1710, but it is this final, revised edition which is the one of value to the student of English grammar. It is a book which is both a gem and a treasure.

The affairs of God, Bring great suffering. So the initiate finally ends with an extraordinarily rich and complex (though not comprehensive) picture of his society. Its origins, rituals and its ways of life. The answer many of his questions, not the ultimate ones, which are the ultimate ones. Truly, my repeated tells us.

The affairs of God, Bring great suffering. So the initiate finally ends with an extraordinarily rich and complex (though not comprehensive) picture of his society. Its origins, rituals and its ways of life. The answer many of his questions, not the ultimate ones, which are the ultimate ones. Truly, my repeated tells us.

The affairs of God, Bring great suffering. So the initiate finally ends with an extraordinarily rich and complex (though not comprehensive) picture of his society. Its origins, rituals and its ways of life. The answer many of his questions, not the ultimate ones, which are the ultimate ones. Truly, my repeated tells us.

The paths of persuasion

PETER FRANCE:
Rhetoric and Truth in France
282pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £4.75.

Peter France's earlier book on Rousseau's *Rhetoric*, published in 1965, has already established itself as a standard work. The present volume illustrates and analyses some of the rhetorical techniques of a whole series of French authors. Some of them either believed or effected to believe in the possibility of a non-rhetorical style of writing which was direct and personal and therefore differed from the "literary" style of communication, which was embellished by rhetorical ornamentation. Dr France himself has been a pioneer in this field, his own work being a model of the style he advocates.

Without wishing to continue the tedious catalogue of shortcomings, the other principal criticism needs to be registered is that Dr Hallpike's scholarship is not at all what it seems. He is not a comparative theorist, nor is he a systems of the Kongo type. There is in fact a considerable literature on generation-grading systems and all of it is in German, Italian, or French. It is also a pity to say the least to claim the Kongo as "values" in an ethnographic area where the only anthropological monograph in English is the equally dominant *Anthropologie* (O. LeVine, *Wax and Gold*) is devoted to this topic (whatever its other intentions).

On his chosen author, who is in the *Descentes*, Montesquieu, d'Alembert, Bossuet, Diderot and Rousseau, Dr France sometimes says some very illuminating things in say, by Pascal, Ronsard is quoted in a modernized form from the 1584

reprints. *Neudrucke* *frühneuenglischer Grammatiken*, but unfortunately the content of the First World War brought this useful series to an end when only eight volumes had been achieved.

It may be difficult for us to realize, as we look back, how swift and unimpeded was that late seventeenth-century change from Latin to English as the permanent language of learning. It all took place within a single generation before the accession of Queen Anne and the Age of the Augustans. Newton himself bridged the gap. He wrote his *Principia* (1687) in Latin, but his *Opticks* (1704) is in English. It seems never to have occurred to Wallis to publish an English version of his book. By means of free and easy Renaissance Latin he could best be assured of a European audience. Indeed, his Latin had closer resemblances to that of Erasmus in his *Colloquia* than to that of his fellow-countryman Bacon and Milton. It was very much like that heard in medical lecture rooms by Sir Thomas Browne as he made his way from Montpellier to Padua, and from Padua to Leyden. Wallis's sentences are therefore balanced or loose, seldom periodic. Recurring expressions like *nunc, diem, a* "nowadays" as they say, add touches of intimacy. Mr Kemp renders the latter more professionally perhaps, "to use the current term". But his translation is admirable and cannot be faulted. It faces the facsimile, page by page, and is furnished with complete footnotes.

A great part of Wallis's treatise was devoted to speech articulation in general and in English phonetics in particular, but it was the later chapters on syntax that made the greatest impact on eighteenth-century

accomplished persuader as well as a master of prose rhythm. He has some penetrating remarks about the relationship of d'Alembert to the *Je n'ai le Traité de dynamique*, and the section on Boileau demonstrates an effective use of irony by that author which demands little less than a totally new assessment of his achievement. Diderot lends himself to rhetorical analysis in almost every page he wrote and Rousseau established a new and unimpeachably modern series of rhetorical structures. Dr France's treatment of both is new and convincing. He has written a book destined to be obligatory reading for a generation of students concerned with French literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which illuminates some of the texts they will study and which raises important questions about the literary techniques of many of the authors with whose texts they will become acquainted.

But there persists an uneasy communication to the reader by the author. Dr France has written a guide to some of the right questions it is important that any student of his chosen authors should ask. He has not written a history of rhetorical techniques or contributed more than incidentally to our understanding of any of his authors except Boileau. His book is always intelligent, occasionally brilliant and often sensitive. But it defers to the modish and already dwindling perspectives of *Tel Quel*, and it compromises between its attempts to uncover the nature of rhetorical structures and its attempt to understand authors in their historical context.

The reader is expected to have Latin, but Descentes is quoted from an arbitrary edition. There is no textual account of the most profound of all seventeenth-century reflections on the art of persuasion. Dr France has not addressed our hopes. This book which the appetite; it does not yet satisfy it.

JOHN WALLIS:
Grammar of the English Language
Translated and edited by J. A. Kemp
30pp. £5.50.

VIVIAN SALMON:
The Works of Francis Lodwick
30pp. £4.25.
Longman.

John Wallis was far better known in his day as a mathematician than as a grammarian. He held the Savilian chair of geometry at Oxford for well over half a century (1649-1703) and when Isaac Newton looked to him for help and encouragement when wrestling with the binomial theorem and the infinitesimal calculus. During the Civil War Wallis won renown as a code-breaker, an adept at deciphering such cryptic messages from the hands of Parliamentarians.

His *Grammatica Linguae Anglicanae*, which first appeared in 1653, was intended for both natives (foreigners and foreigners alike) and was a soon came to be used far and wide in Western Europe. It went through five editions in its author's lifetime, the last being published in 1709, just four years before his death. A sixth edition was printed in 1710, but it is this final, revised edition which is the one of value to the student of English grammar. It is a book which is both a gem and a treasure.

The affairs of God, Bring great suffering. So the initiate finally ends with an extraordinarily rich and complex (though not comprehensive) picture of his society. Its origins, rituals and its ways of life. The answer many of his questions, not the ultimate ones, which are the ultimate ones. Truly, my repeated tells us.

The affairs of God, Bring great suffering. So the initiate finally ends with an extraordinarily rich and complex (though not comprehensive) picture of his society. Its origins, rituals and its ways of life. The answer many of his questions, not the ultimate ones, which are the ultimate ones. Truly, my repeated tells us.

The affairs of God, Bring great suffering. So the initiate finally ends with an extraordinarily rich and complex (though not comprehensive) picture of his society. Its origins, rituals and its ways of life. The answer many of his questions, not the ultimate ones, which are the ultimate ones. Truly, my repeated tells us.

text. Some of the footnotes are ritual deferences rather than acknowledgments of information or considered guides to more detailed discussion. Incidental remarks, as about the "carnatural indy of Pascal's Jesuit" or the recommendation of "faith and wildness" in the *Introduction à la vie dévote*, suggest that Dr France has missed some important points about the literary history and imaginative needs of the pre-classical period in France. While the analysis of Bossuet's solution to his problems in the *Oraisons funèbres* is sensitive and subtle, Dr France twice shows surprise that Bossuet should have looked favourably on Guez de Balzac, although the anti-stale Christianity of that author makes Bossuet's recommendation quite unsurprising.

Apart from occasional failures to recognize what his authors were imaginatively trying to explore, Dr France's concentration on technicalities of persuasion sometimes leads him to imply a clarity of mind and firmness of purpose rare in major authors. Descentes clearly wished to persuade, but he wrote remittances. The Diderot of *Le neveu de Rameau* and *Jacques le fataliste* may well have been groping tentatively and ironically towards a solution to his various intellectual and artistic dilemmas which he did not see at all clearly. It is difficult to suppose that Rousseau ever knew what he thought; his techniques of persuasion betray a lack of identity with which Dr France is not concerned.

Dr France's new book is always good on the analysis of the rhetorical techniques of his chosen texts; but it does fall between the systematic and the historical. If ever we are to have a comprehensive analysis of the rhetorical techniques employed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, it is clearly to Dr France that we must address our hopes. This book which the appetite; it does not yet satisfy it.

JOHN WALLIS:
Grammar of the English Language
Translated and edited by J. A. Kemp
30pp. £5.50.

VIVIAN SALMON:
The Works of Francis Lodwick
30pp. £4.25.
Longman.

John Wallis was far better known in his day as a mathematician than as a grammarian. He held the Savilian chair of geometry at Oxford for well over half a century (1649-1703) and when Isaac Newton looked to him for help and encouragement when wrestling with the binomial theorem and the infinitesimal calculus. During the Civil War Wallis won renown as a code-breaker, an adept at deciphering such cryptic messages from the hands of Parliamentarians.

His *Grammatica Linguae Anglicanae*, which first appeared in 1653, was intended for both natives (foreigners and foreigners alike) and was a soon came to be used far and wide in Western Europe. It went through five editions in its author's lifetime, the last being published in 1709, just four years before his death. A sixth edition was printed in 1710, but it is this final, revised edition which is the one of value to the student of English grammar. It is a book which is both a gem and a treasure.

The affairs of God, Bring great suffering. So the initiate finally ends with an extraordinarily rich and complex (though not comprehensive) picture of his society. Its origins, rituals and its ways of life. The answer many of his questions, not the ultimate ones, which are the ultimate ones. Truly, my repeated tells us.

The affairs of God, Bring great suffering. So the initiate finally ends with an extraordinarily rich and complex (though not comprehensive) picture of his society. Its origins, rituals and its ways of life. The answer many of his questions, not the ultimate ones, which are the ultimate ones. Truly, my repeated tells us.

The affairs of God, Bring great suffering. So the initiate finally ends with an extraordinarily rich and complex (though not comprehensive) picture of his society. Its origins, rituals and its ways of life. The answer many of his questions, not the ultimate ones, which are the ultimate ones. Truly, my repeated tells us.

Logodaedaly

HARRY CAPLAN:
Of Eloquence
Studies in Ancient and Mediaeval Rhetoric.
Edited by Anne King and Helen North
289pp. Cornell University Press. (IBEG) £4.05.

PETER DIXON:
Rhetoric
88pp. Methuen. 90p (paperback, 40p).

When enemies of the Christian Sophist of the fourth century, Probaerolus, proposed a different theme in him, he extemporized in well-rounded periods, and with an avalanche of words, and then declaimed the very same speech a second time. Some of his audience, as his faithful pupil, Euphrasius tells us, kissed his feet or hands, and others declared him to be the very model of Hermes Logos—while his opponents lay in the dust, consumed with jealousy.

The collected essays of Harry Caplan contain a number of stories illustrating the remarkable vogue of rhetoric. One of the panegyrists of the Roman Emperors earned 600,000 sesterces for one speech; medieval preachers were so popular that they had to wait till nightfall to creep out of town lest their fans prevented them; Foulques de Neuilly needed a new cassock every time he preached, since his admirers, eager for souvenirs, ripped each one off his back. We glimpse through such anecdotes a lost world in which the power of the spoken word was worshipped with the abandon which we accord to pop music. Those identikit rhetorical successes, the manuals of rhetoric or preaching, were in such demand that hundreds of copies were produced in manuscript—a shrewd clerk of the wardrobe, John of Ockham, capitalised on the vogue, lending out two *Artes Dictaminis* to a friend at a charge of a goose per week. Now these manuscripts, or what remains of them, are in the most varied and rarely catalogued in the libraries of the

world. Harry Caplan, though, who taught rhetoric to Cornell for forty-five years, has been among them, and some of the most useful essays in this collection are pioneering studies of rhetorical manuscripts (sourced and scrutinized, which he wrote between 1925 and 1964. He is best known for his edition of the *Rhetorica ad Herennium* for the Loeb Library, the most thorough treatment of a rhetorical book in that series, so it is surprising that the editors of this volume should choose to reprint his introduction from that text in isolation here. Two other deficiencies on the editorial side may be recorded: there is a certain amount of overlapping between essays, which ought to have been pruned; and the bibliographical references (some of which are thirty-six years old) ought to have been updated. Otherwise the justification for the volume is clear (for anyone interested in the history of classical rhetoric, medieval preaching, or the art of memory, all of which receive massively-documented studies).

It is not a book for the beginner, though. He would be better off with Peter Dixon's short study, the latest in a number of introductory handbooks to rhetoric. In its make-up (and perhaps inevitably in its quotations it most resembles Brian Vickers's *Classical Rhetoric in English Poetry*, although it does not go so far towards providing an analytical function for rhetoric as that book does. In general Mr Dixon is long on history, short on literary criticism. He gives fresh and scholarly accounts of Isocrates and Cicero, but is too unmerciful of Socrates's travesty of rhetoric in the *Gorgias* and does not give enough attention to Aristotle's answers to Plato. The limitations of space in this series make his account of the "renunciation of rhetoric" in the eighteenth and its "revival" in the nineteenth (when?) appear brief and obscure. But he has an important topic, and he provides a useful, readable guide to it: What he has not done—and it is one of the major tasks facing the theory of rhetoric—is to see the connection between his own perceptive remark that the figures of rhetoric "are literally attitudes", the different postures taken up by words on different occasions. Like human postures they are expressive of meaning, and the pregnant observation, which he quotes from Henry James that "All life therefore comes back to the question of our speech, the medium through which we communicate with each other; for all life comes back to the question of our relations with each other." The future of rhetoric may well lie in the connections which it can forge with those now sciences which are presently exploring the grammars of posture, gesture, space and relationships: phenomenology and semiology. We may see: revival yet.

JOHN WALLIS:
Grammar of the English Language
Translated and edited by J. A. Kemp
30pp. £5.50.

VIVIAN SALMON:
The Works of Francis Lodwick
30pp. £4.25.
Longman.

John Wallis was far better known in his day as a mathematician than as a grammarian. He held the Savilian chair of geometry at Oxford for well over half a century (1649-1703) and when Isaac Newton looked to him for help and encouragement when wrestling with the binomial theorem and the infinitesimal calculus. During the Civil War Wallis won renown as a code-breaker, an adept at deciphering such cryptic messages from the hands of Parliamentarians.

His *Grammatica Linguae Anglicanae*, which first appeared in 1653, was intended for both natives (foreigners and foreigners alike) and was a soon came to be used far and wide in Western Europe. It went through five editions in its author's lifetime, the last being published in 1709, just four years before his death. A sixth edition was printed in 1710, but it is this final, revised edition which is the one of value to the student of English grammar. It is a book which is both a gem and a treasure.

The affairs of God, Bring great suffering. So the initiate finally ends with an extraordinarily rich and complex (though not comprehensive) picture of his society. Its origins, rituals and its ways of life. The answer many of his questions, not the ultimate ones, which are the ultimate ones. Truly, my repeated tells us.

The affairs of God, Bring great suffering. So the initiate finally ends with an extraordinarily rich and complex (though not comprehensive) picture of his society. Its origins, rituals and its ways of life. The answer many of his questions, not the ultimate ones, which are the ultimate ones. Truly, my repeated tells us.

The affairs of God, Bring great suffering. So the initiate finally ends with an extraordinarily rich and complex (though not comprehensive) picture of his society. Its origins, rituals and its ways of life. The answer many of his questions, not the ultimate ones, which are the ultimate ones. Truly, my repeated tells us.

Explaining the Lo Dagaa to themselves

JACK GOODY:
The Myth of the Bagre
351pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £9.

The long-awaited Bagre Myth, edited and edited by Jack Goody, is one of the most remarkable additions to the study of African cultures made in recent years. Here is neither a haphazard collection of oral myths and tales of origin, nor a cosmology extracted from informants by carefully directed questioning, but the natural text of a great myth used in annual ceremonies of the Lo Dagaa people, an image of their society and the mysterious powers who guide it.

The Bagre Society, which controls the telling of the myth and the initiation of new members, is not universal among Lo Dagaa people, nor is it confined to them. It appears, from Dr Goody's informative introduction, that a majority of the Lo Dagaa (inhabiting the savannah country of North West Ghana and a strip of the adjoining Ivory Coast), will be initiated into that same stage of their lives; often quite late, in adolescence, or recovery from a dangerous illness or some other fortuitous event. Others, both men and women, will be initiated early and will spend their whole adult lives as members of the Society. Again, the name of the myth has caused it to be

adopter. In various versions, among several adjoining peoples who do not speak the Lo Dagaa language.

The myth itself, which is here printed in its entirety both in English translation and the original language, is divided into two great cycles, both recounted over a number of weeks during the long dry season of the area. The White Bagre, into which neophytes are first initiated, tells how the various staple crops of the area were first discovered, and what natural events should control the sequence of their harvesting. The successive stages of this myth are recounted to the neophytes by their guides at the appropriate season for the harvesting and preparation of each crop, so that they are, naturally enough, the ritual which is being described to them, exactly as it was enacted by the first men on the earth. A number of errors and this starts are also made, so that everyone may be aware of the correct sequence and the prohibitions. Among these errors is the false "killing" of the neophytes, so that they do not correctly recover as the "twice-born" initiate should. This is done at the initiation of the "twice-born" initiate, a complex figure who is a combination of culture-hero and tempter. He gives genuinely useful knowledge to mankind, such as the use of iron and of the hunting bow, but also misrepresents himself as man's creator and

God himself. By listening to him in this respect, man has turned away from the true God and brought about his own Fall.

The myth of the Black Bagre is infinitely more profound, and searching in its inquiries. Like the White Bagre, it starts with two brothers, who stand as representatives of early man. The elder brother initiates the inquiry in the White Bagre, because he has "slept badly" and goes to consult the diviner of the interpretation of his dreams. The diviner advises that these things must be done: because of suicide. Because of the scorpion's sting, aches in the belly, pain in the head.

But it is the younger brother who is really the thoughtful one. He is troubled by "the being of the wild", but it is also he who successfully rescues God's house, returning with a young wife and a child endangered by God from the earth. There is some suggestion that the elder brother is to be associated with the spider (the Tricker-Hero Kwaku). Against among the Ashanti peoples, to the southward, and that it is by means of his web that the younger one reaches heaven. Perhaps the elder brother represents some kind of exhausted demigod, whose role has gradually been taken over by the more curious and energetic

younger one. At some point during the myth he dies and disappears.

The Black Bagre tells with great simplicity and power about the first successful coupling of the primal pair (taught to the women by the baa constrictor), the first murder, the first hunting expedition, the first smelting of iron and many other cardinal events in the evolution of human society. The two brothers are not quite the first people on the earth, for they frequently encounter "the old man" and "the old woman", figures of infinite patience and wisdom who, unlike the younger ones, have never died. The brothers stray. It is the old man who resolves a quarrel between the younger brother and his wife about the mysterious parentage of the first child, by making them both pass through a "hollow reed". Only the man can do it; therefore his superior (patrilineal) life is established.

Towards the end of the Black Bagre, a key is offered to the nature of the beings who control man's life, and who figure so largely throughout the myth:

The god who comes, that one is our god. He is the truthful god, who taught us what to do, what to do well with. The god with a good heart,

that one is the spider who showed us God's place. The god with the mark between the eyes.

So the initiate finally ends with an extraordinarily rich and complex (though not comprehensive) picture of his society. Its origins, rituals and its ways of life. The answer many of his questions, not the ultimate ones, which are the ultimate ones. Truly, my repeated tells us.

The affairs of God, Bring great suffering. So the initiate finally ends with an extraordinarily rich and complex (though not comprehensive) picture of his society. Its origins, rituals and its ways of life. The answer many of his questions, not the ultimate ones, which are the ultimate ones. Truly, my repeated tells us.

The affairs of God, Bring great suffering. So the initiate finally ends with an extraordinarily rich and complex (though not comprehensive) picture of his society. Its origins, rituals and its ways of life. The answer many of his questions, not the ultimate ones, which are the ultimate ones. Truly, my repeated tells us.

The affairs of God, Bring great suffering. So the initiate finally ends with an extraordinarily rich and complex (though not comprehensive) picture of his society. Its origins, rituals and its ways of life. The answer many of his questions, not the ultimate ones, which are the ultimate ones. Truly, my repeated tells us.

A Latin guide to English grammar

JOHN WALLIS:
Grammar of the English Language
Translated and edited by J. A. Kemp
30pp. £5.50.

VIVIAN SALMON:
The Works of Francis Lodwick
30pp. £4.25.
Longman.

John Wallis was far better known in his day as a mathematician than as a grammarian. He held the Savilian chair of geometry at Oxford for well over half a century (1649-1703) and when Isaac Newton looked to him for help and encouragement when wrestling with the binomial theorem and the infinitesimal calculus. During the Civil War Wallis won renown as a code-breaker, an adept at deciphering such cryptic messages from the hands of Parliamentarians.

His *Grammatica Linguae Anglicanae*, which first appeared in 1653, was intended for both natives (foreigners and foreigners alike) and was a soon came to be used far and wide in Western Europe. It went through five editions in its author's lifetime, the last being published in 1709, just four years before his death. A sixth edition was printed in 1710, but it is this final, revised edition which is the one of value to the student of English grammar. It is a book which is both a gem and a treasure.

The affairs of God, Bring great suffering. So the initiate finally ends with an extraordinarily rich and complex (though not comprehensive) picture of his society. Its origins, rituals and its ways of life. The answer many of his questions, not the ultimate ones, which are the ultimate ones. Truly, my repeated tells us.

The affairs of God, Bring great suffering. So the initiate finally ends with an extraordinarily rich and complex (though not comprehensive) picture of his society. Its origins, rituals and its ways of life. The answer many of his questions, not the ultimate ones, which are the ultimate ones. Truly, my repeated tells us.

The affairs of God, Bring great suffering. So the initiate finally ends with an extraordinarily rich and complex (though not comprehensive) picture of his society. Its origins, rituals and its ways of life. The answer many of his questions, not the ultimate ones, which are the ultimate ones. Truly, my repeated tells us.

reprints. *Neudrucke* *frühneuenglischer Grammatiken*, but unfortunately the content of the First World War brought this useful series to an end when only eight volumes had been achieved.

It may be difficult for us to realize, as we look back, how swift and unimpeded was that late seventeenth-century change from Latin to English as the permanent language of learning. It all took place within a single generation before the accession of Queen Anne and the Age of the Augustans. Newton himself bridged the gap. He wrote his *Principia* (1687) in Latin, but his *Opticks* (1704) is in English. It seems never to have occurred to

Erin doings

GEAROID D. TUATHAIGH:
Ireland before the Vikings
237pp.

MARGARET MACCARTHAIR:
Tudor and Stuart Ireland
211pp.

GEAROID MAC NEILL:
Ireland before the Vikings
172pp.

MONNICA O'CORRAIN:
Ireland before the Normans
210pp.

KENNETH NICHOLLS:
Gaelic and Gaelicised Ireland in the
Middle Ages
147pp.

DUBLIN: Gill and Macmillan.
Paperback, 80p each.

MAIRE and CONOR CRUISE
O'BRIEN:
A Concise History of Ireland
192pp including 174 illustrations.
Thames and Hudson, £2.50.

In Ireland there is a saying that it's always either a feast or a famine and this applies to histories of the place as much as to anything else. The familiar dearth of good general texts has now quite suddenly begun to give way to an abundance which is as welcome as it is unexpected. It is welcome because it marks the beginning of a long-overdue process—the percolation through to a wide public, and especially, one hopes, to the schools, of a view of history which is blessedly free from the old propagandist myths and sentimentalities. But it is also unexpected because, if the truth be told, the material for general history is still lamentably deficient in many areas where specialized study has still to make significant inroads upon the neglect of past generations.

The new Gill History of Ireland is a case in point. Of the five volumes first published only two, *Ireland Before the Vikings* and *Tudor and Stuart Ireland*, are "general" history in the

sense that they are intelligent, objective and well-informed syntheses of a body of knowledge already familiar to scholars. The other three books, *Ireland Before the Vikings*, *Ireland Before the Normans*, and the rather clumsily titled *Gaelic and Gaelicised Ireland in the Middle Ages*, attempt with considerable success a much harder task. They are based on extensive original research and they seek to make this available to the non-specialist reader with the minimum of technical apparatus.

They cannot hope to achieve this completely, of course; some parts of the subject, notably the political sections of all three books, are obviously difficult because they deal, almost literally, with the minutiae of a provincial existence. On the other hand the authors write with refreshing enthusiasm and insight about life in society (though, sadly, not about art) and this lifts their books out of the rut, encouraging us to welcome this new series as a real contribution to popular history in the best sense of the term. It is pertinent to add that a further virtue of the series is that it profiles an opportunity for a new and largely unknown generation of writers to make their mark; they have responded admirably by giving the series a freshness of outlook it might otherwise have lacked.

The excellence of the novels can scarcely be overstated. The authors of a very different kind of history, Dr and Mrs Conor Cruise O'Brien are such famous names in contemporary Irish writing that a joint production from their pens is bound to excite curiosity. Their *Concise History of Ireland* is, as might be expected, a highly professional piece of work—articulate, humane and knowledgeable. Its conciseness, however, is so extreme that one must suppose it to be directed mainly towards the outsider who will have instant history or none at all. As instant history it is, naturally, far above the common run and for anyone who still may want to visit—or even to try to understand—Ireland, this book will be a useful tool. It also has the advantage (denied to the more substantial, and more prosaic, Gill History of being lavishly supplied with excellent illustrations.

War books

ROBIN HIGHAM (Editor):
A Guide to the Sources of British Military History
630pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul, £9.50.

This book aims to be "a guide to what exists" of military history and to act as "a springboard from which more balanced historical books can be written". By and large it succeeds very well; for in addition to bibliographies of published books and articles, the two dozen chapters give helpful sign-

posts to private manuscripts as well as official papers, and list useful British libraries, some of the military bookshelves and numerous professional journals.

Although this survey begins with prehistoric times, two-thirds of it concerns the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The history of the Royal Navy and the Army runs parallel to the development of science and technology and in later chapters the Royal Air Force also. The home front in Britain during the First and Second World Wars is described, with appropriate bibliographies, and one welcomes the chapters dealing with Military and Naval Medicine, the history of Military and Martial Law, and the wide-ranging survey of British Defence Policy since 1945.

Also welcome—indeed, a thought-provoking feature of the work as a whole—are the topics suggested by each of the twenty-five contributors as worthy of further investigation, though here, as in the arrangement of each section, standards vary considerably. The sub-divisions are sometimes confusing, several authors have to cover too wide a field, and there are inconsistencies in treatment.

Each user of this book is likely to note omissions (and errors), and may well disagree with some of the views expressed, and such a volume is naturally open to this kind of criticism. But the more important are the many qualities of the work. Its wealth of information and learning, the sound guidance it provides for students and researchers, teachers and librarians, whether British, Commonwealth or American.

Plotting against peace

J. N. PALMER:
England, France and Christendom, 1377-99
282pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul, £4.

Surviving documents rarely make the real intentions of late medieval governments explicit. What was formal, official or public we can discover; but what was intended, the real intentions, are too often left to guess. In consequence, books on foreign policy in the period are commonly weighed down by detail, in- conclusive, and boring.

J. N. Palmer's study of the relations between England and France in the reign of Richard II is an exception. It is clever, clear, and gripping. In a series of concise and vigorously contentious chapters he seeks to explain how the two powers, after twenty years of war, came to make peace; and how they used the peace once they had made it.

He begins by emphasizing the unprecedented scale and scope of the Anglo-French war of 1369-89 and the success of England in defeating the superior resources of France. The internal strains imposed by war ensured that both powers needed peace. But for many years peace was not to be had. From 1380 each country had a minor war king and in both the interests of very powerful men were against a settlement.

Dr Palmer contends that from 1383 to 1386 English policy was controlled by Michael de la Pole; and that that policy was one of peace at almost any price. By 1386 it had plainly failed. Opportunities had been lost and positions sacrificed in the attempt to appease the French who were nevertheless preparing to invade England in great strength. The attack on de la Pole in 1386 and the subsequent Appellat

coup derived their strength from a paradoxical alliance: that between magnates whose policy was one of war and the Commons who wanted relief from war taxation. In 1387 the Commission government tried to keep the war going while Richard tried to negotiate peace. Hostility to the King's pacific policy was largely responsible for his downfall at the end of the year.

The Appellat war policy failed and Richard exploited the desire for peace when he regained power in May, 1389. The curious thing is that, although by 1389 most of the former obstacles to the peace which both England and France wanted had disappeared and although the powers under a truce, nothing resembling a lasting settlement was concluded until 1396. Why the delay?

The key issue, according to Dr Palmer, was that of Aquitaine. He maintains that from 1375 proposals for peace centred round the possibility of John of Gaunt's becoming Duke of Aquitaine, which would descend to his heirs and he held of the King of France. By 1394 the Gascons had demonstrated absolute unwillingness to accept any such scheme. Dr Palmer maintains that it was their resistance which did more than anything else to delay a settlement and to ensure that even in 1396 no permanent peace was made but only an agreement for a very long truce.

Dr Palmer believes that growing concern at the advance of the Turks was one of the forces which helped to bring England and France together. He shows how seriously the crusading projects of the mid-1400s were taken and how important aspirations towards the unity of the church and the salvation of Christendom were in determining the climate of Anglo-French relations.

The third Mary Stuart

ELIZABETH HAMILTON:
William's Mary
304pp. Hamish Hamilton, £4.

The third Mary Stuart, though she died at thirty-two, attracts a new kind of biography about every twenty years. Except for Krieger's in 1890, they have all come from women. Elizabeth Hamilton gives one secret away in concluding what is certainly the fullest and most scholarly: "Her rare achievement was that she remained simple and unassuming though she lived in high places and wielded great power." Her charities, her collecting and gardening, the refashioning of Hampton Court and Kensington Palace, above all the loving letters to William in Ireland or Flanders, if not beneath the sensitive perception of "Miscellaneous" have breathed perpetual charm for the English Lady. That so firm a disbeliever in pettifogging influence came so deftly to handle the Revolution politicians, who thought a woman (as she said) "seldom good for anything", in a war conducted against her own father (as she did not need so often to be reminded)—this is matter for high drama, never yet exploited by novelist or playwright.

On those who knew her, "Mildred R." made a remarkably consistent impression of sweetness and light. The chronicler of grief at her premature death was such as could have raised her to canonization in earlier times. Rosis, medals and paintings: many reproduced here, though Wissing's regal portrait with the familiar double chin is oddly attributed to the jockey designer—have in fact bequeathed a stereotype of pious decorum. Yet no public face more singularly concealed the real person, so unsure of herself, on guard against admiration, "full of pain for those one loves", so often on the edge of tears. It has been said she was a natural duress, and what she did not destroy of her journals suggests that she was more often afraid of the devil within than of the ruthless world into which she was cast. Marjorie Bowen, who printed large chunks of Mary's memoirs in

1920, wrote of her piety as a substitute for happiness. Hester Chapman, in 1953, discerned a morbid self-questioning in direct proportion to her outward composure. Even the official portraits scarcely veil a hint of melancholy in the eyes.

One should begin with David de Henm's delightful portrait of the girl bride, for that passionate face wonderfully combines the puzzled distrustfulness of a child of state with the promise of a firm will and desire to judge truly. This is the portrait that Lady Hamilton successfully worked out, with a studied avoidance of sentiment that prefers to let the facts speak for themselves. She was no more dramatized her subject than Mary would ever have dramatized herself.

There is no extended psychologizing, no theory of religious mysticism, no hint of any morbidity more unusual than Mary's weird obsession with her first "husband", Francis Anley. The warmest passages come from Mary herself, quoted with telling effect. Occasionally, indeed, one wishes Lady Hamilton would commit herself more. On page 97, for instance, she ought to have been able to decide whether Mary was "more than a shadow" or "a real person" (a word of timely intruding "it seems"). And last seems to have got the better of imagination when she sees only a "startling hush" in place of a true vein of late metaphysical poetry in Mary's desperate appeal to her Anselm: "Your humble servant to kiss the ground where you lay to be your dog in a string, your fish in a net, your bird in a cage, your humble trout."

This is a strikingly sensible biography, scrupulously respecting what evidence there is—including a little that is new, especially on the household side—but seldom surpassing it. Thus the prince's gloom is attributed to poor health, William's stag parties, their frequent partings—very well described. There is little insistence on Mary's childlessness, though her first and last miscarriage is interestingly put down to the nec-

tle might have been a generous, in indicating Maude Clarke anticipated him. Paris: Gallimard, 27fr.

In the final years of the reign relations between England and France were particularly tense. Dr Palmer thinks that Richard was not rash in relying on his friends to keep Nottingham safe while he went on his expedition to Ireland. His misfortune at Orleans, who was not at all, came to power in Paris in summer of 1399.

Dr Palmer's method is to put in an appearance at the beginning of the *nouveau riche*, a Hoffmannesque tale of a events in such a way as to show he is right. His interpretation is short, clear and decisive. He has a good eye for patterns which others miss and an illuminating sense of the realities of power.

On the other hand his sometimes becomes breathless in his exuberance. And his own qualities to those of the writers, he sometimes comes to a decisive single-mindedness when they may have been arguing through. He is somewhat too convinced of the truth of his arguments. When he says, for example, that an opposing case is "completely inadequate" (as of 1396) or that the significance of the Gascon rebellion of 1383 "could scarcely be stronger" than his own argument for the French presence at Nicopolis, words cannot always be taken for granted.

But it is well worth ending Palmer's penitential for his own. His book is not only a fine and well-written history, it reflects the workings of an intelligent and stimulating mind.

Palmer's penitential for his own. His book is not only a fine and well-written history, it reflects the workings of an intelligent and stimulating mind.

Sympathizing

ANIEL BOULANGER:
Le roman de la vie
Paris: Gallimard, 27fr.

a master of the short story, Boulanger becomes more and more with every new volume. *Le roman de la vie* contains only a year's worth of his work, but it is a very good example of his style. It is a novel, but it is a novel in the best sense of the word; it is a story that is told in a way that is both simple and profound.

There is much wisdom here, and a sense of the human condition. Boulanger is a writer who is not afraid to look at the dark side of life, but who is also able to find the light. His characters are not perfect, but they are real. They are people who are struggling to make sense of a world that is often confusing and painful.

With M. Boulanger, every word counts—and it is interesting to see that the word "royalties" has now joined the vocabulary of François.

Palmer's penitential for his own. His book is not only a fine and well-written history, it reflects the workings of an intelligent and stimulating mind.

Palmer's penitential for his own. His book is not only a fine and well-written history, it reflects the workings of an intelligent and stimulating mind.

Palmer's penitential for his own. His book is not only a fine and well-written history, it reflects the workings of an intelligent and stimulating mind.

Palmer's penitential for his own. His book is not only a fine and well-written history, it reflects the workings of an intelligent and stimulating mind.

Palmer's penitential for his own. His book is not only a fine and well-written history, it reflects the workings of an intelligent and stimulating mind.

Palmer's penitential for his own. His book is not only a fine and well-written history, it reflects the workings of an intelligent and stimulating mind.

Palmer's penitential for his own. His book is not only a fine and well-written history, it reflects the workings of an intelligent and stimulating mind.

Palmer's penitential for his own. His book is not only a fine and well-written history, it reflects the workings of an intelligent and stimulating mind.

Palmer's penitential for his own. His book is not only a fine and well-written history, it reflects the workings of an intelligent and stimulating mind.

Palmer's penitential for his own. His book is not only a fine and well-written history, it reflects the workings of an intelligent and stimulating mind.

Palmer's penitential for his own. His book is not only a fine and well-written history, it reflects the workings of an intelligent and stimulating mind.

Palmer's penitential for his own. His book is not only a fine and well-written history, it reflects the workings of an intelligent and stimulating mind.

Flat out

L. J. DAVIS:
A Meaningful Life
214pp. Constable, £2.

After graduating and marrying Betty from Flatbush, Lowell Lake thought the preliminaries were over and life about to begin. What happened instead was that "things went downhill for a while, then they went up a little and got flat, and they stayed that way." Flatness is realizing at thirty that the managing editorship of a plumbing trade weekly may one day lead on to editing a plumbing trade monthly; that he and Betty support their marriage as though it were an orphan, without reference to one another; perhaps worst of all that Lowell is, even in himself, a nice guy, the sort you have nothing against and nothing in common with.

Lowell's gesture against the press of his own mortality is for him rather dashing, but since it is his, it doesn't come off. He buys a rotting Brooklyn house, once the home of a nineteenth-century sounder called Darius Collingswood, whose name

and career Lowell rather fancies, and having rid it of its many rotting tenants, sets about restoring it. Sink under the hugeness of the task, drunk as a hoot owl half the time, he lets an alarming contractor called Mr. Huster take over him and his house. Lowell in a terrified stupor actually murders a tramp one night, but Husterboy impressively clears away the evidence of that, the only significant action of Lowell's whole life, so that he begins to wonder if indeed he performed it.

A *Meaningful Life* is certainly extremely funny, but is not quite what its closing sentences suggest. The un-boring exposition of deep and careless boredom is a feat, but it is not what is going on here. Lowell is a man who fixed himself a scholarship to Stinford when a judge mistook his begging letter for a blackmailing one; he has got away with murder, and even Flatbush Betty has lines like this: "Whatever you say. If you are determined to lie in the bed you made, far be from me to sprinkle it with cornflakes."

Out for laughs

MICHAEL STANDEN:
The Dreamland Tree
180pp. Heinemann, £2.

Michael Standen's fourth novel is hard going. Characters will disappear without warning—and often surface again twenty-five years later when we can hardly remember who they were. Even the protagonists Janet and William, who seem to be consorts and who seem to get married (but Standen's style is rather oblique)—remain strangers. They are presented with a certain amount of perception and a certain amount of fun; but the determined neutrality of Mr Standen's earlier novels has come to look a bit like indifference. Calousness, really.

After climbing in the Lake District, for example, William is described as "half-dressed, black, scratched and white-kalred with just: he altogether resembled an elderly negro travelling the Underground Railway". A statement like this—the culmination of a lengthy chapter—tells us as little about William as it does about elderly negroes. Mr Standen's anarchic, opportunistic wit keeps pulling the novel in all directions at once. But his refusal to take up any moral stance pays off in the opening section—a grisly holiday by the sea organized by the deceased Uncle George. The children here—in search of a mythology but stuck with initiation, hating adults, but in love with their power—are convincing because their responses are completely unpatterned. But this leaves the novel totally at the mercy of its characters. When William grows up and becomes blipant and trivial at Cambridge, the novel has no choice but to become blipant and trivial with him.

Dream guerrillas

AMOS OZ:
My Michael
Translated by Nicholas de Lange.
216pp. Chatto and Windus, £2.

The first-person narrator of Amos Oz's novel is Hannah, the thirty-year-old wife of Michael Gonen. He is a geology student at work on his doctoral thesis at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. Unsure of himself and unable to understand his wife, he hurls himself in his work and becomes increasingly insensitive to her emotional demands. Hannah describes the isolation into which she has been driven after ten years of marriage. The dreams of her early love for Michael, her childhood dreams, remain unfulfilled, resulting in a melancholy sexual frustration. My Michael is an examination of her estrangement from her husband and from reality, her drift into a world of fantasy.

Though the novel is not directly political, Hannah's personal narrative is counterpointed by the Israeli situation. Her isolation and her mental breakdown are set against the 1956 Arab-Israeli war. Her frustration finds a correlative in the claustrophobia of Jerusalem. Unobtrusively the novel parades a range of Israeli types, and out of Hannah's simile and some adequately descriptive writing—the book's direction and its flaws are summed up before the first page is turned: the girl's mother, crypto-agnostic preoccupation with sex is established, an attempt made to endow her with a vestige of innocence by the use of the pet name, and the lie given to the entire enterprise by the fact that she is provided with an adult's perceptions and capabilities.

Mr Oz is able to control the first-person narrative to encompass the cultural background, the ambiguities of a failed marriage and the intricacies of a mental breakdown. But the interior monologue, by its very

Roomy

WOLFGANG GEORG FISCHER:
Möblierte Zimmer
272pp. Munich: Hanser, DM 24.80.

This is the central panel of a triptych of autobiographical novels set in Austria before and during the Second World War. Of *Möblierte Zimmer*, opus one, we said: "Its quality argues well for the success of the series." On present showing this prediction has been somewhat over-sanguine: *Möblierte Zimmer* contains most of the same ingredients, but the mix is not as calculatedly effective.

It starts off strongly with descriptions of Vienna in the throes of the Anschluss: Nazi thugs and Aryanizers indulging in sadism and profiteering; Catholic prelate and Social Democrat elder statesmen soliciting Ja votes for the Greater Reich: Jews being forced to clean out latrines with toothbrushes. The tension slackens as the narrator's parents move to the estate of wealthy friends in Yugoslavia where, unable to procure admission to any other country as a family unit, they listlessly go through the motions of civilized living—sport, party games, political speculation—while Europe shudders towards war.

There is little quickening of interest after the outbreak of hostilities, when the narrator and his mother—the father having meanwhile emigrated to England—move into the seclusion of furnished rooms that give the book its title. Here evocations of refugee life among hug-infested furniture are interspersed with set-pieces on Yugoslav (its senseless folklore, ethnic diversity) which provide local colour but move the storyline shlews instead of forward. A sluggish narrative flow is, however, offset by flashes of wit and insight. Wolfgang Georg Fischer is particularly adept at portraying the hideous refugee view of his country of adoption—bifocal because gratitude at survival cannot quite overcome inherited Germanic attitudes.

A London

Librarian writes:

"I had an excellent response to this situation is now filled. The replies both by telephone and post were not only numerous but paid tribute to the range and diversity of your readership."

Proof of the pulling power of the Advertisement Columns of The Times Literary Supplement. Are you using them too? The rates are 35p a line or £5.50 for a single column inch and 10p for a line.

For further particulars, please apply to: Charlotte Coulson, T.L.S., Printing House Square, London, EC4P 4DE. 01-236 2006, ext. 280.



ENGLISH
Summer 1972
FREDERICK AND HAMLET
Robert M. Seller
THE HUMANIST CHARACTER IN
ANGUS WILSON
John Riddell
SOUND AND SILENCE IN
EMERSON'S CONVERSATION
ROBERT
Jill Robinson
POETRY COMPETITION 1971
PRIZES AND REVIEWS
Published for The English Association by
The Oxford University Press
Subscription in the Association, £1.50
yearly, includes three issues of English
Literature for the year. The Society
in Exhibition Road, London, SW7.
Non-members: 52p each volume, annual
subscription for three volumes, £1.50
plus postage.

